

# SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year.....\$ 1.00  
One copy, six months......50  
One copy, three months......25  
No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.

As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.  
All papers will be promptly stopped at the expiration of the time subscribed for.  
All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

## COUNTY DIRECTORY.

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.  
Hon. Jos. Hager, Attorney, Owensboro.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
E. R. Marcell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.  
Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

## COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Santerfor, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

## QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

## COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Monday in October.

## OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Coonville.  
J. Smith Pittsburg, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
H. B. Howell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

## MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

Caney district, No. 1—P. H. Atford, Justice of the Peace. P. O. White Run. Courts held March 6, June 17, September 4, and December 18.  
P. O. Tipton, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Tipton. Courts held March 18, June 5, September 18, and December 4.  
W. W. East, Constable. P. O. Rosine.  
Coal Springs district, No. 2—A. N. Brown, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 3, June 15, September 7, and December 16.  
P. J. Wilcox, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 15, June 2, September 16, and December 2.  
Isaac Brown, Constable. P. O. Rockport.  
Crownpoint district, No. 3—W. P. Bender, Justice of the Peace. P. O. Rockport. Courts held March 31, June 14, September 20, and December 15.  
A. T. Coffman, J. P. P. O. Coalco. Courts held March 16, June 2, September 15, and December 29.  
S. L. Falkner, Constable. P. O. Hodge Falls.  
Belt's Store district, No. 4—Ben Newton, J. P. P. O. Buford. Courts held March 11, June 23, September 11, and December 27.  
S. Woodward, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 21, June 10, September 23, and December 11.  
Kil. Chinn, Constable. P. O. Buford.  
Fordville district, No. 5—C. W. R. Cobb, J. P. P. O. Fordville. Courts held March 8, June 19, September 4, and December 22.  
J. L. Burton, J. P. P. O. Fordville. Courts held March 20, June 7, September 22, and December 8.  
J. L. Burton, Constable. P. O. Fordville.  
Ellie district, No. 6—C. S. McElroy, J. P. P. O. Whiteville. Courts held March 22, June 9, September 9, and December 25.  
James McElroy, J. P. P. O. Whiteville. Courts held March 22, June 9, September 23, and December 9.  
Constable—have none.  
P. O. Whiteville, Davies county, does the business.  
Hartford district, No. 7—J. P. Cooper, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 13, June 25, September 14, and December 20.  
A. B. Bennett, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 23, June 12, September 22, and December 13.  
W. L. Mack, Constable. P. O. McHenry.  
Crownville district, No. 8—Samuel Austin, J. P. P. O. Crownville. Courts held March 27, June 16, September 20, and December 29.  
Melvin Taylor, J. P. P. O. Crownville. Courts held March 17, June 30, September 19, and December 29.  
R. S. Hodges, Constable. P. O. Crownville.  
Hartford district, No. 9—T. L. Allen, J. P. P. O. Hartford. Courts held March 14, June 21, September 18, and December 28.  
John M. Leach, J. P. P. O. Beaver Dam. Courts held March 25, June 29, September 26, and December 12.  
E. H. Bart, Constable. P. O. Buford.  
D. J. Wattinghill, Constable. P. O. Buford.

## POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—P. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.  
J. N. Wise, Marshal.  
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
W. H. Blankenship, Marshal.  
Crownville—A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
H. P. Wise, Marshal.  
Coalco—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.  
Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.  
Hamilton—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address McHenry, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
A. J. Carman, Marshal, post-office address McHenry.  
Rockport—James Tinsley, Judge, Mansfield Williams, Marshal. Courts held—

## I. O. O. F.

**HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.**  
Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.  
L. BARRETT, S. G. W. M. PHIPPS, Sec.  
R. T. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

## I. O. G. T.

**HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.**  
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.  
THOMAS TAYLOR, W. C. T.  
GROSS B. WILLIAMS, W. Sec.  
MISS ANNIE TRACY, L. D.

## A. Y. M.

**HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.**  
Meets first Monday night in each month.  
JOHN F. TRACY, W. M.  
SAM E. HILL, Secy.

## R. A. M.

**KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.**  
Meets second Monday night in each month.  
M. E. HILL, H. P.  
Comp. H. WEINSHIMMEL, Sec.

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 2.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., APRIL 12, 1876.

NO. 14.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 Week	2 Weeks	1 Month	3 Months	6 Months	1 Year
One line	1.00	2.00	5.00	12.00	20.00	35.00
Two lines	1.75	3.50	8.75	20.00	35.00	60.00
Three lines	2.50	5.00	12.50	30.00	50.00	85.00
Four lines	3.25	6.50	16.25	40.00	70.00	115.00
Five lines	4.00	8.00	20.00	50.00	90.00	145.00
Six lines	4.75	9.50	23.75	60.00	105.00	175.00
Seven lines	5.50	11.00	27.50	70.00	120.00	200.00
Eight lines	6.25	12.50	31.25	80.00	135.00	225.00
Nine lines	7.00	14.00	35.00	90.00	150.00	250.00
Ten lines	7.75	15.50	38.75	100.00	165.00	275.00

For shorter time, at proportionate rates.  
One inch of space constitutes a square.

## HOW THE RAVEN BECAME BLACK.

A Lesson to Tale Bearers.  
BY JOHN G. SAGE.

There's a clever classic story,  
Such as poets use to write  
(You may find the tale in Ovid)  
That the raven once was white.

White as yonder swan a sailing  
At this moment in the moon,  
Till the bird, for misbehavior,  
Lost, one day, his snowy coat.

"Raven white," was once the saying,  
(So, at least, the story goes)  
Spoiled its meaning, and thereafter  
It was changed to "Raven black."

Shall I tell you how it happened  
That the change was brought about?  
List the story of the Cronis,  
And you'll find the secret out.

Young Cronis, fairest maiden,  
Of Thessaly's girlish train,  
Whom Apollo loved and courted,  
Loved and courted all in vain.

Flirted with another lover,  
(So, at least, the story goes)  
And was wont to meet him slyly  
Underneath the blushing rose.

Whereupon the bird of Phœbus,  
Who their meeting chanced to view,  
Went in haste to his master—  
Went and told him all he knew:

Told him how his dear Cronis,  
False and faithless as could be,  
Plainly loved another fellow—  
If he doubted come and see!

Whereupon, Appollo, angry  
(Time to find himself betrayed,  
With his silver bow and arrow  
Went and shot the wretched maid!

Now, when he perceived her dying,  
He was stricken to the heart,  
And to stop her mortal bleeding,  
Tried his famous healing art!

But in vain! the god of physic  
Had no antidote; alas!  
He took her off so deadly,  
Couldn't bring the maiden back!

Angry with himself, Appollo,  
Yet more angry with his bird,  
For a moment lost in silence—  
Impotent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,  
"Wanton babbler, see thy fate;  
Messenger of mine no longer,  
Go to Hades with thy mate!"

"Woe! Plato with thy tattle;  
Hither, monster, come not back;  
And to match thy disposition—  
Henceforth be thy plumage black!"

When you're tempted to make mischief,  
If it is wisest to refuse;  
People are not up to fancy  
Bearers of unwelcome news.

SOMETHING OF THE PITCH YOU HANDLE  
On your fingers will remain;  
As the Raven's tale of darkness  
Gave the bird a lasting stain!

THE DISGUISED HEIRESS.

Miss Vernon sat at her window  
Plunged in deep thought. She was  
an heiress, prepossessing in appearance,  
and, as natural, had suitors in plenty.  
Among them she made choice  
of William Winsor, and in a few weeks  
they were to be married.  
William was engaged in the whole-  
sale clothing business, and had the  
reputation of a sharp, active man of  
business. Nothing had come to the  
ear of Miss Vernon until the day be-  
fore. A poor woman had come to the  
door in evident poverty, and asked for  
relief. On being questioned, she said  
she had been employed in making  
shirts at twelve cents a piece for whole-  
sale dealers; that after making a dozen  
and carrying them to the store, she had  
been roughly told that they had been  
spoiled, and that nothing would be  
paid for her work, but that she might  
have some more if she would agree to  
do them better. She added that this  
was one of the small ways in which  
the firm made money out of poor women,  
by pretending that work was unsatis-  
factorily done, when really no fault  
could be reasonably found with it.

"Only a dollar and forty cents for a  
week's work!" exclaimed Miss Vernon  
in dismay.  
"That's all," said the poor woman.  
"How then do you live?"  
"It can hardly be called living. It's  
just keeping body and soul together,"  
said the poor woman.

"And who is this extortioner that  
offers you starvation wages and then  
defrauds you of even them?" asked  
Miss Vernon, indignantly.  
"William Winsor."  
"Who?" demanded Miss Vernon,  
quickly.  
"I can hardly believe this. I know  
the gentleman."

"It is true, and if you will investi-  
gate the matter you will find it to be  
so."  
"I will investigate the matter. Here  
are five dollars for your present  
needs. Come here to-morrow at this  
time, and I may have some work for  
you to do."

The poor woman departed, invoking  
blessings upon the heiress.

"I will look into this," said Marg-  
aret Vernon, resolutely, "and if it proves  
true, the engagement between William  
Winsor and myself shall be broken."  
"Nancy," said Miss Vernon, the  
next morning to the chambermaid,  
"have you an old dress, cloak and  
bonnet you can lend me?"  
"I have got some that are so poor  
that I am not going to wear them again,"  
said Nancy, surprised at such an in-  
quiry.

"Will you lend them to me?"  
"Of course, miss; but what would  
the likes of you want of such old  
clothes?"  
"A little fun, that is all," said Miss  
Vernon. "I am going to disguise my-  
self, and see if I can't deceive some-  
body."

With this explanation Nancy was  
content, and produced the clothes.  
Miss Vernon put them on, and in addi-  
tion borrowed of another of the ser-  
vants a thick veil somewhat the worse  
for wear, and then set out on her mis-  
sion. No one could have recognized  
the usually elegantly dressed heiress,  
Miss Margaret Vernon.

Miss Vernon slipped out of the base-  
ment door and took her way to a large  
store on which was inscribed the name  
William Winsor, in large gilt letters.  
She entered, and after a while a clerk  
spoke to her in a rough voice, saying:  
"Well what do you want?"  
"I want some work," she said, in a  
low voice.

"We can give you some shirts,"  
"Anything."  
"Can you sew well?"  
"I think so."

"At any rate, we will try you."  
A half dozen shirts were given to  
Miss Vernon, and she was informed  
that if satisfactorily done, she would  
be paid twelve cents apiece. These  
she carried home, slipping in at the  
back door.

Two hours later the poor woman  
called.

"Here are some shirts to make," said  
Miss Vernon.  
"Why they are the same kind as I  
have been making," said the woman,  
in surprise.

"That is true, and they came from  
the same place."  
"Am I to take them there?"  
"No, you will bring them here. I  
will pay for the work when done  
double the price you have been receiv-  
ing."

"Thank you, Miss; you are very  
kind."  
"Sew them as neatly as possible.  
I wish to see if they will be rejected  
as poor work."

"Yes, Miss Vernon, I will take  
pains with them."  
Three days later the poor woman re-  
turned with the work completed. Miss  
Vernon paid for them, and required  
her to call the next day.

"Nancy," said the heiress, after her  
protégée had departed, "I wish to bor-  
row your old clothes again."

"Certainly, miss, said Nancy, if it  
is not a shame you are to appear in  
such rags."

"No one will know me, Nancy."  
"Sure, miss, you can take them  
again whenever you like."

"I don't think I shall need them  
again, Nancy, but I thank you all the  
same."

Not long afterward Miss Vernon in  
her shabby disguise, entered the es-  
tablishment of William Winsor, with  
the bundle of shirts under her arm.  
She went to the counter and laid them  
down.

"What have you got there?" de-  
manded a pert young clerk.  
"Some work, sir," said Miss Ver-  
non.

"Well why don't you open the bun-  
dle?" said the young man, picking his  
teeth with his knife.

Miss Vernon did so.  
The young man deigned to turn  
over the shirts, glancing at them  
carelessly.

"Shocking shocking!" he said.  
"What is the matter, sir?"  
"They are wretchedly sewed. That's  
what's the matter. How do you ex-  
pect we are going to sell such shirts  
as these?"

"I am sure I thought they were  
well done," said Miss Vernon.  
"You thought, did you?" repeated  
the clerk, mocking her. "I think  
differently, and that's all about it.  
We shan't pay you for these shirts.  
They will have to be sold at a loss."

"But what shall I do?" asked Miss  
Vernon, in distress.  
"That is your business, not mine."

We will try you once more, and give  
you another half-dozen shirts. If they  
are done better you will be paid for  
them."

To the indignation of the clerk, who  
was not used to such independence in  
the poor woman who worked for the  
establishment, Miss Vernon took the  
shirts to another part of the counter,  
where she saw William Winsor him-  
self.

"Mr. Winsor," "your clerk will  
not pay me for these shirts, he says  
they are not well done."

Mr. Winsor took one up and pre-  
tended to examine it.  
"No, it's poorly done. We can't  
pay for these, but you may have an-  
other bundle, and if they are satisfac-  
tory, you will then be paid."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said the clerk  
triumphantly. "Now, how much did  
you pay for that operation?"

"More than you think, perhaps,"  
said Miss Vernon, quietly.  
"Do you want any more work?"  
"No, I don't wish any," she said,  
coldly.

"You are on a high horse, are you?  
Well, you may be glad to get work  
some day when you can't have it."

The evening was one which William  
Winsor usually spent with his brothe-  
r. When he was announced he  
went forward warmly, as usual, to  
greet Miss Vernon. She drew back  
coldly and did not offer her hand to  
grasp his.

"What is the matter, Margaret?" he  
asked, surprised and startled.  
"My hand has taken yours for the  
last time, Mr. Winsor," said Marg-  
aret.

"Good heavens! what is the mean-  
ing of all this? I cannot understand  
it."

"I cannot take the hand of one who  
grows rich by defrauding poor women  
out of their scanty earnings."

"Who says this of me? Some one  
has been slandering me. Confront  
me with my accuser. There is some  
mistake here."

"I will do as you desire. Wait five  
minutes."

Miss Vernon left the room and soon  
returned in her disguise. The young  
man strode up to her angrily.

"Are you the one that slandered me  
to Miss Vernon?" he demanded.  
"I told her the truth."

The young man reflected. Violent  
contradictions he saw would not avail  
him, he would try another course.

"Hark you," he said, in a low voice  
"there was a mistake. I will make it  
up to you richly. I will give you ten  
dollars on the spot, and all the work  
you want at double if you will tell  
Miss Vernon it was all a mistake."

"Too late, Mr. Winsor," said the  
veiled figure, throwing up her veil and  
showing the contemptuous face of  
Margaret Vernon. "Your bribe is  
offered in vain. Good-evening, sir."

Confused and astonished, William  
Winsor found his way to the door, and  
has never ventured to enter the house  
of the heiress since.

## A Maiden's Love.

Human nature has no essence more  
pure, the world knows nothing more  
chaste, heaven has endowed the hu-  
man heart with no feeling more holy  
than the nascent affection of a young  
virgin's soul. The warmest language  
of sunny South is too cold to shadow  
forth even a faint outline of that en-  
thusiastic sentiment. And Provi-  
dence has made the richest language  
poor in the same respect, because the  
depths of hearts that thrill with love's  
emotion are too sacred for common  
contemplation. Yes, the light of a  
young maiden's first love breaks dimly,  
but beautiful upon her as the sil-  
very lustre of a star glimmering through  
the thickly-woven bower, and the first  
blush that mantles her cheek as she  
feels that primeval influence, is faint  
and pure as that which a rose leaf  
might cast upon marble. But how  
rapidly does the light grow stronger,  
and the flush deeper—until the pow-  
erful effulgence of this one irradiates  
every corner of her heart, and the  
crimson glow of the other suffuses  
every feature of the countenance.

Go forth in haste, with bill and paste,  
Proclaim to all creation:  
The men are wise who advertise  
In the present generation.

After a man finds out that he has  
been winding an eighth-day clock ev-  
ery night for fifteen years, he has a  
perfect right to kick the cat all over  
the house.

## From Webster County.

DIXON, KY., April 10, 1876.

DEAR HERALD:—As it has been  
some time since you have received a  
communication from this part of the  
State, and knowing you to be a strong  
advocate in the cause of Temperance,  
I have concluded to give you a sketch  
of the affairs relative to the workings  
of the order in and around Dixon.  
The lodge at this place was reorganized  
in February, 1875. It now numbers  
eighty-one in good standing. Never,  
since the organization of Dixon lodge,  
has there been as much interest  
manifested for the Temperance cause,  
as there is at this time. Since the  
adoption of Local Option in this dis-  
trict, there have been initiated in the  
I. O. of G. T. at this place, men  
whose influence, previous to its adop-  
tion, was weighty and powerful in fa-  
vor of "King Alcohol." As an evi-  
dence of the interest manifested in the  
cause of Temperance reform, I will  
state that at our last meeting, we ini-  
tiated twelve into the order, some of  
whom were among our most influen-  
tial citizens, men who will wield a pow-  
erful influence for temperance reform.  
It is generally believed that the recent  
additions to our number was the result  
of an influence brought about by a  
"play" known as a "Good Templar's  
Drama," and called "Saved," which  
you have seen played. It was first  
suggested by J. E. Haynes, who, by  
the way, is now a Good Templar, and  
knew the great merit of the same, by  
having seen it on the stage. The or-  
der first presented it to the public at  
the Court House in Dixon, on the  
evening of the 17th of March, 1876,  
and so great was the interest of the  
audience, and so powerful the good effect  
it produced, that the Lodge, yielding  
to the importunities of the public pre-  
sented the same for four consecutive  
nights, persons from every section of  
the county coming in to see and hear,  
and who, we are satisfied, went home  
wiser and better men. Every part  
was well sustained, more especially  
the leading characters of Frank Ray-  
mond, and Allie, his wife—the former  
being personated by Mr. T. B. Botts,  
a talented young lawyer of our town,  
who, as an amateur, we have never  
seen excelled. He was ably supported  
by Miss Ida Tapp, as Allie.

I am satisfied that I never saw a  
more appreciative and interested au-  
dience than the one which witnessed  
the performances of the beautiful  
drama on Wednesday night, March  
22d, and when it came to the scene  
where poor Frank (and my God! how  
many such scenes can be witnessed ev-  
ery day!) deserted by all save his faith-  
ful and loving wife, when lying upon  
his bed of straw writhing in the agony  
of alcoholic fever; when the gentle,  
pleading and pitiful voice of Allie was  
heard bemoaning the drunkard's fate;  
when she was so cruelly deserted by  
her own father, when Frank, rising  
from his bed of poverty, prayed Allie  
not to desert him; when seized by the  
demon of drink, he wildly raved un-  
til chained by the "serpent of the still,"  
he fell to the floor, wrapped in their  
deadly fangs;—I say when all this was  
depicted before the audience, there  
was not an eye within the house that  
was not moistened by beads of sorrow.  
Mr. Botts and Miss Tapp, in the ren-  
dition of their respective characters, in  
my humble opinion, cannot be excelled  
by even professionals. So much inter-  
est has been evinced, and so great the  
good which has resulted that the  
"Troupe" has yielded to pressing in-  
vitations, and will play at several dif-  
ferent points in the county. But enough.  
Excuse the length of this, for when I  
become enthused in a subject, I am apt  
to write too much. Yours,

NIEMAND.

## The Drunkard's Wife.

Deep down in the secret recesses of  
the neglected and abused wife, what  
thoughts must suggest themselves as  
she looks at her bloated and bleared  
husband. Pinched for the merest ne-  
cessities of life, discomfort and dis-  
grace meeting her at every turn, what  
must be the estimate of him who once  
vowed to love, cherish and protect her.  
His want of decent manhood has dis-  
pelled every dream of girlhood, and  
in its stead is bitter, blighting despair,  
with not one gleam of sunshine to  
light the path of life.

The first principles of economy are  
"Get only what you need, and don't  
waste what you get."

## From Horse Branch.

HOISE BRANCH, April 10th.

MR. EDITOR:—Until recently, this  
beautiful and business point, or R. R.  
Station, has not been noticed in public  
print. Horse Branch is situated in a  
beautiful little valley, thirteen miles  
below Caneyville, and three miles  
above a little station called Rosine. It  
contains a large, commodious freight  
and passenger depot, telegraph office,  
one store, and one large new tobacco  
ware-house, recently erected by our  
old and much respected citizen, Mr.  
Make Miller.

Mr. Ford, one of our energetic busi-  
ness men, and granger farmers, has a  
very large tobacco barn on his farm,  
one and a half miles back of the station,  
and will prize for the planters this  
year about 150,000 pounds of tobacco,  
equal to 100 hogheads, which  
with the addition of other prizes,  
Messrs. Isaac Axton, Van Rains and  
James Axton, who are also prizeing,  
will make the shipment from this point  
this season, somewhere in the neigh-  
borhood of 200 to 250 hogheads of the  
weed, equal to about 375,000 pounds.

Mr. Ford, I am credibly informed,  
contemplates erecting a large commodi-  
ous tobacco prizeing house immedi-  
ately at the station, with all the modern  
arrangements for handling and prizeing  
tobacco. The house will be 80 feet  
long by 30 feet wide, capable of hold-  
ing 1000 hogheads.

Our farmers are energetic and indus-  
trious. The health of the community  
is good, and the morality is second to  
none in Kentucky. With all these ad-  
vantages nothing can prevent Horse  
Branch from being one of the most en-  
terprising and business points on the  
L. & P. R. R. Look, for instance, at  
the amount of business done at Spring  
Lick. The neighboring farmers and  
railroad company should forever feel  
under obligations to those two energetic  
and thorough business gentlemen,  
Fonso and Martin Rowe. I remember  
when they first started there, compar-  
atively in the woods. Through their  
unbounded energy and industry, the  
thriving little town owes its origin.  
So will this place grow, through the  
enterprise of such men as Joseph Ford,  
Millers, Axtons, Christians, and a host  
of energetic farmers, too tedious to men-  
tion.

Mr. Jas. Axton has been, and is yet  
confined to his house with an attack of  
the measles, but is now convalescent